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A JUST TRIBUTE TO BUCHANAN.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, and the admirers of heroic self-consecration to the cause of philanthropy, the following beautiful lines, from the *Poetess of America*. The tribute which it pays to the memory of BUCHANAN is justly deserved. His name, his deeds, and his praise are interwoven with the very existence of Liberia; and "ages yet unborn" shall bear his worth, and revere and cherish his memory.

THE GRAVE OF BUCHANAN.

"As we rambled near the village of Bassa, we came to a secluded spot, under a cluster of trees, near the banks of the Beeson, where was a solitary grave. This was no other than that of his Excellency, Thomas Buchanan, the late lamented Governor of Liberia."—Letter of Rev. J. Rambo, to Elliot Cresson, Esq.

Whose in your grave, where branches wave
Of tropic shrub, and tree?
The quiet river flowing near,
In silent majesty?

While dimly seen, the shades between,
A distant village stands;
I ask whose nameless grave is that,
Scathed in the sultry sands?

Then o'er my soul, a whisper stole
From memory's sacred cell,
And forth a treasured image came
That years had garnered well.

Unsealed the dark and flashing eye,
Uprose the form of grace—
Buchanan—dost thou slumber here
In this sequestered place?

No gushing tear-drops marked thy dust,
From a fond mother's eye,
But suffering Africa mourned for thee
With throbs of agony—

For thee—who in her pressing need
A hero's might displayed—
And with a statesman's studious thought
Her early counsels aided.

O earthly fame! it matters not
The towering fame to rear—
Or proudly swell the trumpet blast,
For dying crowds to hear—

And grave a name on marble tomb
For time to come to say—
And cast those motives into shade
That wait the judgment-day—

For though Benevolence may toll
Long health the opposing blast—
And unweary'd seem to sink
In martyrdom at last—

Yet shall its holy name find
A glorious seal on high—
And win the plaudits of the Judge
Who ruleth earth and sky.

L. H. S.

For the Herald and Journal.

VISIT TO THE HERALD OFFICE.

To all the Readers and Patrons of the Zion's Herald, greeting—

I propose to improve the present opportunity for fulfilling my promise of taking you through the remaining departments of the establishment at No. 7 Cornhill, howbeit the writer is not in good trim for such an exciting adventure; for when one is going to explore his neighbor's premises, and drag into light secret matters and operations; and, moreover, undertake to so far fascinate a man as to make him divulge his own secret thoughts, and actually to tell of his own faults and peculiarities, one has need of a strong heart and steady nerves. Come then, good friends, and let us this morning make the sanctum of the editor of the Herald a social call, with these two objects in view—firstly, to become more perfectly acquainted with the labors and difficulties of editorial life; and, secondly, that, having the editor before you, your weekly perusal of the Herald may be more interesting, as we always read a book with greater pleasure after having seen the author. Now I do not undertake to say that I shall make you see the editor as he really is, for he will be reluctant to sit for his portrait; and then he is known to you all, the artist cannot pass the picture to the friends of the Herald without subjecting it to a process not unlike that by which the Daguerian picture is completed—shutting it up in a dark box filled with certain gasses, which fix the impression. All the conversation held with the readers of the Herald must be through the ears of the editor, as the cotton cannot be drawn into the smooth and even thread, and woven into the fine texture until it has first passed through a picking machine; a recollection of this fact will explain some mysteries which you will soon see.

We are here again, and you perceive the door of that box in the corner is closed; wait a moment, the occupant will soon appear. Hark! that's his foot-fall on the stairs—rapid, light, but firm—for the owner of that foot never puts it down until he knows where it is to rest; here he comes, a dapper little gentleman, five feet four in his boots, straight as an arrow and active as electricity, thirty-five years of age, and yet he has lived longer than most men of sixty; organized with a peculiarly compact and active brain, he began to think and to act while most men are yet in their boyhood.

You will say, as you see him drive through the room, "that man will do what he does with all his might." He just nods to us right and left, and passes into his box. I cannot call it room, for the dimensions are so small; and pity it is that the subscription list of his paper could be so increased as to afford him ample space in which to expand his mind; as it is, the top of his window must be dropped a little, to give his thoughts an opportunity to "wing their rapid flight." A word more about this same editor, and then we will step in and see him in his vocation. You observe his head is large, indeed it is disproportionately so to his body; he has an excess of nervous power; that is, his nervous and muscular systems are not well balanced; hence his health breaks down early. An engine is often put into a boat altogether too large for her tonnage, and the result is, she is soon shaken to pieces. Thus has it been with our worthy friend, the editor; he cannot endure for any length of time the excitement of preaching; and the labor of conducting the Herald prostrates him, though at this present, his health is quite good—thanks to a good Providence and cold water; and thereby hangs a tale: A few weeks since, the writer being in the office of the Herald, a gentleman came in to pay for some subscribers in the country, and in some way in our conversation the subject of Temperance was introduced, and the gentleman remarked that he had seen the editor of the Herald once, and he saw him taking wine! But we remarked, that cannot be, for the editor is a strictly temperate man. "Ha, ha," said he, "can't help that, I saw him, and know it was him. I was stopping at the House in

this city last summer, and having a lady with me who was a Methodist, I thought she would like to see the editor of the Herald; and as we sat at the table at dinner I just said to the waiter, so as to be sure, just tell us which is the editor of the Herald, and he did so. Now, said I to my companion, we will watch him, and see if he takes his wine—and, sir, he did it! We saw him uncoil, and pour it out and drink it. Ha ha, I see him, sir." By this time our Saxon began to rise. "But, good man, said we, it cannot be so—would you know him if you should see him again?" "Like a book," "Well," said we, pulling off our hat and standing up more than six feet, "is this him?" "No," said he, "he is a large, fat man, and bald-headed." We just replied, the editor is a very small man, and never boarded at a public house. Our friend saw that he was sold, and low too. "O," said he, "this is the Herald office, it was the 'name' naming another paper in the city; 'I confounded the two, but I had it right when I told it.' We offer here a reflection: 'Editors of professionally religious papers should be very cautious how they drink wine in public places.'

Our editor is active and diligent, having the interest of his paper at heart, and he labors hard in his vocation. He brings to his task a sound judgment, a discriminating and perhaps severe taste, and rare critical powers; he sees things in a clear light, and seldom if ever exhibits a confusion of ideas; and he writes with rapidity and health prevented his writing so much for the Herald as usual. He has one trait of character which will make him a useful man living, and remembered, and regretted when dead—his straightforwardness; he has not learned the art of the Irishman, who could "shoot round the corner," but when he lets fly a shaft it goes straight to its mark; he admits no expediency where moral principle is involved, and we trust it will never be permitted any to hurl at him the charge of having forsaken his early principles, as in the case of Sir F. Burdett, who though in early life a stern reformer, in his last days could speak sneeringly of the "cant of reform." "There is such a thing," replied Lord John Russell, "as the re-act of reform." Alas, for the dough-faced occupants of too many editorial chairs and clerical show-boxes of the present day, their very ashes will be scattered by the same breath which now applauds. While the faithful advocate of right against might will write upon the hearts of generations to come the sentence, more enduring than chiselled marble, "he dared to utter the truth."

But I have kept you too long in waiting—let us look in upon our friend; he always sits with his door open, for he cannot live without air, though of course an editor can live without money; you see as you enter a long table running the entire length of the place, that is about five feet; in front is a case of books, and a single arm chair contains the corpus of the editor; we address him, and without lifting his eyes from his paper upon which he is drawing strange characters, which no one but the printers can make out, he says, "how do ye do?" take a chair and look over the papers," which being interpreted is, "do not engage me in conversation just now, I am busy." Look on then, friends, and listen; you see the editor is engaged on a leader for the paper next week. Glance at an editor's artillery; a small dish of paste, three or four wretched looking pens, which look as though they might have been the ones Job wished his enemy had when he desired him to write a book—a most oute-looking pair of shears, which are old enough to have been the very article with which Abolam pulled his head, the point of one blade broken off; an inkstand, papers, scraps, books, &c. &c. Here our editor prepares dishes for the numerous family of the Herald week by week—brain-work, brain-work, friends; yet the least of his trouble is found in getting up his own articles; there is care and perplexity arising from the great variety of tastes and interests; the difficulty of satisfying his numerous correspondents, each of whom imagines themselves fitted for an editor's chair, and many of us thinking we are deserving of the degree of A. M.; and truly, if it signify "anti-meridian," for we are not there yet. O how easily does an editor engulf a correspondent in disappointment! How many of us have freighted a sheet with the product of a laboring brain, and having put it to sea, waited impatiently to hear from our venture, but in vain; our agony was not again heard from—she went down with all her treasure, into a gulf we wot of, and which you shall see. But here comes the agent with the mail, and throws down about a peck of newspapers and a large package of letters; this host of papers is to be examined, and this is scissors work. And now comes the tug of war, the examination of correspondence and communications. An editor must be a man of patience and firmness if he would succeed; both will be severely tried.

Here a dozen letters at least, some directed to Rev. A. Stevens, some to Editor of Zion's Herald, and some to Zion's Herald. And now as these seals are opened there will follow all kinds of phenomena, smiles and murmurings. Listen: "Mr. Editor. Please credit," &c.; and here is money for the agent—strange order agents cannot remember that all letters on business should be directed to Bro. F. Rand." So the editor thinks. Now this money might drop out among these masses of papers and rubbish of an editor's room and be lost, or in a fit of abstraction, for an editor is subject to fits, he might twist it up and thrust it into his inkstand, as it is said Webster once did with a retaining fee; it is said, agents should remember that our editor's sanctum is a dangerous place for money, though no reflection is intended. Another—and it is a fact that such a letter came to this part of Cornhill not long since—"I want the Sabbath School Messenger sent in a package by express, and I want the privilege of having the 'Olive Branch' sent in with them, and also a package of 'pious medicine,' as it will save expense!" That man ought to devote himself to lecturing on economy. "Mr. Editor," writes another: "I wish you would correct the following communication and insert it in." &c.; the editor can make nothing of it, and it slides under the table. Now it is a shame for correspondents to send such an article; if you cannot write as you would like to see yourself in type, write and burn until you can, or else send nothing to the press. How can one suppose that an editor can find time to rewrite such articles; it is impossible. Here are three pages of obituary of a child four years of age; to ten persons it would be interesting—thousands would say a paper should not be filled with such matter; the editor drops a tear for the afflicted ones, cuts off the first line or two, and the rest goes the way of all "rejected addresses."

Another. "Mr. Editor:—If the following lines," &c.:
"Lines on Northampton Canal."
"Thou mighty ditch, thy sparkling waves,
Once I delighted to behold;
Where once my active limbs I lav'd,
And horn-pots caught a good many more than I sold."
That'll do! "requisite in pace," i. e. under the table. Another and another, and yet another! of nearly the same type, and under the table they go. Now all this is private, no eye but the editor's sees these things, unless once in a while he gets perplexed and calls a doctor for consultation. And when the place is full and he has an "auto de fe," he does it slyly. I saw him once, I shall not forget it; he perhaps thought no one saw him; he came out of his sanctum with his arms full of these forsaken children, and he looked as though he might have cast a peculiar glance around and then into the flames they went. I caught some parts of the eulogy: "poor fellows—hopes—ambition—good time coming—rise," &c.; and then such a rush of thoughts as went up through that old stove-pipe! And methought I heard wailings, and long-drawn sighs, and groans, and I saw long visaged, sad looking beings hovering about the top of the chimney, watching their "airy nothings" as they rose into their apothecia. And among all I heard, dark hints, and subdued anathemas, against a certain luckless wight, and of leaving him hereafter, and of letting him and his "paper go down." But they did not see him in his chair again wiping his eyes! But I hear one of you say,—"I'd put 'em in!" So would I, friends, if I were an editor. Once a year, about the time of old Santa Claus' annual visit, I would make one out outside of original communications, *verbatim et liberatim* spellatim, and all other "isms" you ever heard of, and send it off as a Christmas present; it would save many a doctor's bill! Do you wonder at the editor's severity? There are some things you have not yet seen in his sanctum; he is surrounded by a strong guard. See you that tall, majestic figure in the corner yonder, with high and broad forehead, a sparkling eye, and grave countenance, his left hand supporting his robe, while his right grasps a scroll? That is *genius*. Mark you that at other corner that beautiful female form, neat, tasteful and smiling, holding tablets and pencil? That is *taste*. See you that winged female figure, with large, brilliant eye upward turned, and leaning on a harp? That is *poesy*. And now by the door see you that stalwart form, clad in complete armor from "head-piece" to greaves, and leaning on his heavy broad sword? That is the grim old guardian of the rights of the 40,000 readers of the Herald. And then you perceive that he is not an *uneducated* man, at liberty to do as he pleases; should he violate the laws of his sanctum *genius* would freeze him with a frown, *taste* would cover him with blushes with a curl of her beautiful lip; and *poesy* would rend the strings from her harp and lash him out of his office there-with; while as he went out, the old guardian of rights, with his sword, would cleave his skull to his shoulders. Good friends, do not hurry so, there is really no danger.

P. S. My good friend "the agent," stoutly remonstrated against the admission of an allusion to himself in my last sketch, but the editor smiled and said "Good, good—must go in," and now we have marked him, he has just as quietly passed his pen through a whole page of my present letter as a Cossack would his lance through a Frenchman, without as much as "by your leave, Monsieur;" but we have no redress, though the old fellow at the door did inspire (so much in his eye fell on the billiard form of the editor his countenance looked more "in sorrow than in anger," and we long grenadiers were fain to fly. However, there is a back window to the printing office.

For the Herald and Journal.

PENSEES DETACHEES.

MAN.

Man is a bundle of contradictions. In the mechanism of his mind he exhibits the lineaments of an angel; while his lower nature displays little else than the brute.

He is made capable of soaring to the loftiest heights, and striking the harps of seraphs, and filling the celestial courts with the softest music; yet he grovels in the dust with the meanest insects and worms.

Possessing the capacity for endless felicity, he, nevertheless, weeps and groans in ineffable agony.

The acute and vigorous mind of Pascal started this question. "If man is not made for God, why is he happy only in him? If man is made for God, why is he contrary to him?" And the sceptical Pope, with great truth, represents man,

"In doubt to deem himself a god or beast?"

With what graphic power and beauty does Dr. Young draw the antithesis of human existence—

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicated, how wonderful is man!
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal, infinite infinit!

A worm; a god!"

Afflictions, in some of their varied forms, are frequent visitants of every human breast. They are a necessary part of our discipline in this life. The Christian virtues are plants that flourish only, like certain mosses, beneath inclement skies and amid a frosty atmosphere.

The royal Psalmist declared, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." They break the hard soil of the heart, and prepare it for the reception of the Word of Life. They exhibit human infirmity, and thus tend to lead us to Him who is almighty, and whose strong arm shall invigorate the confiding soul.

We should bear in mind, that afflictions possess no power to renew or sanctify the heart. They may be compared to the snow, in this respect, which, though cold in itself, preserves the earth from the frosts and prepares it to yield an abundant harvest.

Hence we may remain unblest by their repeated visits—indeed the heart may become, under them, still more obdurate and unfeeling. They even have a tendency to render the mind sour and misanthropic.

Cecil hit upon the truth when he affirmed, in reference to afflictions, "If the spirit of prayer be not poured out on a man, he will like a wounded beast skulk to his den and growl there."

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

To the believer, the tears, sufferings, the bloody sweat and dying agony of the Redeemer possess the deepest interest and the loftiest significance. His faith appropriates the blessed results of that agony to his individual need, and

reads in it the prophecy of a brighter life to the race.

The remembrance of those deep afflictions sustains him under every trial. The martyr as he has consumed at the stake has been enabled, on the remembrance of Christ's last hours, to endure joyfully his pains, and to triumph in an inspiring faith, and exalted hope. Christ having assumed the infirmities of our nature, feels for us a deeper sympathy. B. SIKKILL.
Smoky Hollow, Dec., 1849.

For the Herald and Journal.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Newspapers—Religious papers—Zion's Herald. BRO. STEVENS.—It is said that Lord Hale, one of the most diligent of students and learned of men, seldom inquired the news of the day. So deeply was he engaged in serious studies and profound meditations, he considered it a waste of precious time to allow his attention to be diverted from them by any thought on mere passing events; they were not worthy his consideration; to his views may be opposed the sentiments of the poet:—

Though man should live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil should be learning still,
And dying, leave his lesson half unlearned.

If the question be asked, who was right, the philosopher or the poet, the answer will be, as in many other disputed points, the truth lies between them. It certainly is not consistent with just views of the shortness of life, to consume a large portion of the time in perusing the medley that makes up most of the secular papers; much of it is worthless, and a considerable part worse—enervating the mental powers and unfitting them for serious efforts.

Mr. Locke has written, "it is a great mistake to suppose that a great reader is necessarily a man of knowledge;" and if this be true with respect to the perusal of books, I do not see how it can be called a compliment to say of a man, he is a great reader of newspapers.

On the other hand, no person can fill up the measure of usefulness to his family or to society without some information of the events making up the multifarious record of the world's history, and this can only be gained from the newspapers.

I should say the true plan is, to look over one of these (that is enough) daily, and read what a discriminating judgment tells, will be of advantage; skip the rest, or glance at the caption of the articles; by pursuing this course, what is really useful will be secured, and we will be posted up as to the various items of the news of the day.

There is, however, one class of papers that ought not to be ranked with the ordinary newspapers; they take higher ground, and many will aspire (so much in his eye fell on the billiard form of the editor his countenance looked more "in sorrow than in anger," and we long grenadiers were fain to fly. However, there is a back window to the printing office.

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For the Herald and Journal. PENSEES DETACHEES. MAN. Man is a bundle of contradictions. In the mechanism of his mind he exhibits the lineaments of an angel; while his lower nature displays little else than the brute. He is made capable of soaring to the loftiest heights, and striking the harps of seraphs, and filling the celestial courts with the softest music; yet he grovels in the dust with the meanest insects and worms. Possessing the capacity for endless felicity, he, nevertheless, weeps and groans in ineffable agony. The acute and vigorous mind of Pascal started this question. "If man is not made for God, why is he happy only in him? If man is made for God, why is he contrary to him?" And the sceptical Pope, with great truth, represents man, "In doubt to deem himself a god or beast?" With what graphic power and beauty does Dr. Young draw the antithesis of human existence— "How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, How complicated, how wonderful is man! An heir of glory, a frail child of dust! Helpless immortal, infinite infinit! A worm; a god!" Afflictions, in some of their varied forms, are frequent visitants of every human breast. They are a necessary part of our discipline in this life. The Christian virtues are plants that flourish only, like certain mosses, beneath inclement skies and amid a frosty atmosphere. The royal Psalmist declared, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." They break the hard soil of the heart, and prepare it for the reception of the Word of Life. They exhibit human infirmity, and thus tend to lead us to Him who is almighty, and whose strong arm shall invigorate the confiding soul. We should bear in mind, that afflictions possess no power to renew or sanctify the heart. They may be compared to the snow, in this respect, which, though cold in itself, preserves the earth from the frosts and prepares it to yield an abundant harvest. Hence we may remain unblest by their repeated visits—indeed the heart may become, under them, still more obdurate and unfeeling. They even have a tendency to render the mind sour and misanthropic. Cecil hit upon the truth when he affirmed, in reference to afflictions, "If the spirit of prayer be not poured out on a man, he will like a wounded beast skulk to his den and growl there."

For the Herald and Journal.

SHORT ESSAY ON LYING.

"Whose tongue so'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies."
SHAKESPEARE.

To lie, is to attempt to make a false impression; and although, in its common acceptation, it is applied to the making of false impressions by speech; yet it may equally well be employed where false impressions are intended to be created by action, by appearances, or by any other means than speech.

Lying is of the devil; for the Scriptures say that he is a liar, and was so from the beginning, and that he is the father of lies. That which particularly makes him a devil is his lying spirit; and that which makes him the devil, *par excellence*, is, that he is the prince of lies. The devil never more successfully deceives, than when he appears as an angel of light; and his children here on earth never practice greater deception than when they appear honest men. He, possessed of a lying spirit, who continually endeavors to deceive, by word and deed, in one sense does and speaks the truth; for his actions are a truthful index of his character; but he who, possessed of a lying spirit, continually does and speaks like a true man, practices the greatest deception, and tells the greatest lies; for his life is a lie, and death puts the seal to it, and there is no clue left to its detection. It were better for him possessed of a lying spirit, who delights in deception, to speak and act like an honest man; for then he will create the falsest impression which he could make, and deceive the world in respect to his true character; and it were best for the truth-loving man never to use deception, as he would deprecate in respect more than to have the world deceived in respect to his true character, and take him to be that which he is not. So it were best, both for the truth-loving man and the lover of falsehood, if they would compass their wishes, to speak and act in honesty; and surely the world would be the better for it. It is a notorious fact, that none are more obnoxious to deception than deceivers themselves; for conceiving themselves masters in the art of creating false impressions in others, they never suspect others can or will undertake to deceive them; and their attention being directed to the "ways and means" of deceiving others, they are left free to be easily im-

posed upon themselves. Liars are frequently their own greatest dupes; for, going upon the maxim, that "a lie well stuck to is better than the truth wavering," they continue repeating a false tale with such frequency, that, although they do not succeed in making others believe it, they at last succeed in making themselves believe it, and thus become the dupes of their own inventions. A reputation for integrity is a liar's stock in trade; and he must needs be a cunning rogue if he shall keep his capital good. We once knew a person who, his friend having discovered the falsity of an artful tale which he had told him, laughed at his friend immoderately for having believed the tale at all, and that he had been able thus to impose upon him. The friend replied, "In one sense thy false tale deceived me, and in another it undeceived me; it deceived me in respect of those things to which it related; but undeceived by giving me an insight into thy real character, concerning which I was greatly mistaken, having taken thee to be a person of integrity; but 'so thy ways,' said he, 'thou canst deceive me no more, thy capital is sunk.' There is but little truth or honesty in the world, but lies and cheats on every hand; in the church, sham Christians; in the state, sham patriots; and in social life, sham friends. So in every department of life, there are subtle and guileful persons, who wear the cloak of outward appearance with such seeming grace and honesty, as that a man had need to keep his heart closed, and his eyes open, who would not be hoodwinked to his own disadvantage, nor be used as a tool for the advantage of others. Happy is that man who, in the midst of guile and treachery, shall yet preserve his soul in strict integrity. U. V. M.
South New Market, N. H.

For the Herald and Journal.

WATCHNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

Watchnight, 12 o'clock.

How strangely are mortals circumstanced; how varied the influences that surround them; and how closely do joy and sorrow approximate, though they so widely differ in nature, and their effect is so unlike. And though sorrow may truly be said to be the enemy of joy—a jealous, envious opponent of happiness—yet they so ultimately operate upon the human heart, it might be deemed they have a natural interest and reciprocity of action. At one moment the heart drinks in the bright rays of hope, reviews the smiling guests that bear delight thither, and in the bosom of content when all around bids repose, seated on the downy couch of ease, dreams itself into paradise; for sure there are fertile spots in life's desert where we would wish to stay, where we often forget that we are on a pilgrimage, and where we would fain build tabernacles. There are moments in time's dark, rapid course, that are desired to eternity; there are airy hues surrounding earthly objects that seem removed from a brighter sphere, and we would wish they were of the drapery of heaven that they might never fade, there are sweet sounds chanted in earthly bowers that we fondly hope we notes from the celestial choir in which sin in make no discord. But anon, the jostling of time's ponderous car arouses the rapt spirit, rears the enchantment, and the startled vision rears, instead of the bright thing that wooed it, a slumber, the dark, dread form of grief perched on a more overlooking height, as the fierce condor on the Andes sits. But joy returns immediately with the king bird's power, and the foul bird of havoc for his self's sake spreads his wings of flight. Now it is no marvel that with such ver-changing circumstances surrounding us, such complicated food for the mind, such variegated scenery for the mental vision, and the soul's eye, and being withal imperfect in our nature, that the tide of thought is so fluctuating and our conduct so grossly wrong, except under the guidance of His spirit who is without variableness or shadow of turning, and leadeth the soul aright.

And now at the final hour of the departing year how strongly do the emotions of the heart oppose each other; and yet they seem unwilling to decide, and parted from each other, to depart. The still, small chambers of the heart are filled with guests whose aspects vary as much as the costumes of the different nations of the earth. In one part crouches the meagre, hideous form of grief, uttering inaudible sounds, in another may be seen remorse, with giant height and awful demeanor, standing before the bright form of joy, and striving to dim her lustrous eye and cloud her sunny brow with dark rehearsal of the misdoings of the past. Hope presents her bosquet of budding beauty, which is quickly blighted by the mildew touch of despair; happiness stands at the threshold, in doubt whether to enter or fly; recollection has arrived with many pleasant memories which she has embalmed through the past year, and holds them up in fearless defiance to the gaze of remorse, despair and grief, and bids hope and joy and happiness take courage at these happy relics, saved from the wreck of time. But with all the contention and strife, happy is that heart which, when the last siege is made, shall be able to drive out remorse, with his brother tyrants that have made so many unwelcome visitations to its citadel, and retain the bright company of hope, joy and happiness. Even now among the many petty vexations that make their abode in the human heart, there is great reason for gratitude—for heartfelt thankfulness, on the part of those who enjoy the common blessings of life, whom rosy-checked health still deigns to greet; who are not in bondage in expiation of crimes, nor under the hand of oppression, who are not far removed from the land of their birth and the home of their hearts—

"For which they heave the exile's sigh,
And shed the exile's burning tear."

Grateful indeed ought they to be, enjoying these peace-giving favors; if they have not Cressus' hoarded wealth, or a mine of dust, which, when life's sands have ebbed to their finish, lose their solvency, and will not purchase the then valued boon of life. N. S. H.
Bristol, Maine.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS. Some of the papers have been debating the question touching the utility of religious newspapers. The Puritan Recorder says:—"We should as soon think of debating the question whether the evils inflicted upon men by a scorching sun, did not render it expedient for us to go and put out the sun. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good; and as this debate has brought to us a compliment from the source whence we have not been wont to receive such 'courtesies,' it would seem ungrateful in us, not to make due acknowledgments by entering it on our records. The Independent, in sustaining its argument as to the influence and responsibility of religious papers, says:—

"But we will say confidently that if among

the Presidents of the Colleges in Massachusetts, it could be determined which one is more richly qualified by the endowments of genius, of learning and of grace—which one is most capable of great thoughts, great plans, great emotions, and most enriched with knowledge and with utterance—and if that one could be transferred from the laureled dignity of his academic office, to the editorial control of *The Puritan Recorder*, he would soon find, and the church and the country would soon be made to feel, that he had been transferred from one 'responsible station' to another, less honored indeed, and more thankless, but of still higher responsibility."

For the Herald and Journal.

WILBRAHAM.

MR. EDITOR:—I suppose that a great number of the readers of the Herald are acquainted with the place that bears this name, and to them a few lines respecting it may not be uninteresting. And how many hearts will swell with emotions of pleasure as they reiterate that sweet name, Wilbraham. A thousand vivid recollections rush to the mind, and memory brings to our view all those old familiar scenes which were of every-day occurrence to us during our stay in that delightful place. With what gratitude do we remember the moral and mental instructions which we there received. And doubtless many, very many can date the conversion of their souls to the instruction there received and the influence there exerted over them. How many young hearts have bowed at that altar and given themselves away to their Redeemer and his cause, and have arisen with new hearts and new resolutions, and gone forth in the world exerting an influence which like the ripple in the ocean caused by the dropping pebble, shall widen and deepen until lost in the boundless ocean of eternity. We remember those rambling, those sweet refreshing walks upon the mountains, for the purpose of collecting specimens of botany and mineralogy, one of the last of which I now have in safe keeping at that repository of good things, my father's residence. And I expect to take it in my old withered hand when my head is silvered with age (should I live so long) and recall that green, sunny spot of my youth, when I called the treasure from Wilbraham mountain. And then the scenery from that mountain, was it not enchanting? We recollect our accustomed place in the Literary Society, the Club or the Philo! which was always well filled, though perhaps not always to edification. And how lasting friendships formed there! friendships which have cheered us in prosperity and sympathized with us in adversity.

To the youth who may glance at these lines I would say, go to Wilbraham; you will find it a good place for both health and study. To parents I would say, send your sons and daughters to Wilbraham; it will cultivate their moral as well as their mental powers, refine their manners, and give them impulses for good which will follow them through life; send them, and my word for it they will come home wiser and better children. AN OLD STUDENT.
Jan. 14, 1850.

For the Herald and Journal.

PEWS.

These should have no doors; they are unhandy, the cause of much noise, and of no use. Have never seen more than two churches, except Episcopal, in all New England, that have eyes right. These have a narrow shelf, underneath the little sloping board that tops the back of each pew. The "shelf" is for the Bible and hymn book; the "board," is to recline the face in prayer time, towards the altar. But what a latter book make at the close of a hymn, when they drop into the "rack;" did you ever mind it?

For the first time in my life, twenty years ago as I fell, I looked into old John Street Church, New York, of a Sabbath morning, while the minister was at prayer; all the people seemed to join in it too—all the faces were bowed forward, and all eyes closed, apparently. The most thoughtful man could not have opened that door and looked in there, without being awed into reverence.

But here, where churches have no such conveniences, the most of the congregation have ceased to have respect enough for God to stand up while he is addressed by the pastor, (as they once did in good old "standing order" times) but sit down, and often gaze about. What a contrast on the score of devotional feeling, ensues from this? It is no small matter. Mr. Wesley says we should have the form of godliness, and with it seek the power. Every body knows that communion with God is not promoted by gazing at everything to distract the thoughts.

For many years I have been grieved at the total disregard of my remembrance, except in one instance, viz., at West Thompson, Ct. I am ashamed and sorry that common decency, if nothing else, does not show our head men, or building committees, the impropriety of compelling our most pious females to either sit in prayer time, or turn their backs to the altar, and get down into the dirt, perhaps tobacco juice, on their knees!

Now I think it right to castigate in any way I please what I know, from much discussion and experience, to be offensive to good taste and regard for so sacred a place, till I see a reform. You, Mr. Editor, once reprobated turning the back to the altar while singing; and let me ask, is it less profane to do so while praying? You will agree with me in saying, "let everything be done decently and in order," not as meanly as mean can be.

Respectfully, &c., N. PERRIN, JR.

THE AGE OF THE STATES.

The following are the dates when the respective States entered the American Union:—

Delaware, December 7, 17

